

MARY ATTENDS TO DUTY AND RECEIVES HER REWARD

By ALICE LATIMER

MARY OLMSTEAD was the minister's daughter and there were seven children in the minister's family, which meant that there was a good deal more to do on Saturday morning than either Mrs. Olmstead or Johanna, the one servant, could possibly accomplish. So, although Mary was only 12, she was expected to help out in the morning on Saturday.

Sometimes she wished that the minister wasn't so poor, so that there could have been more money for nurse girls and other maids. Sometimes she even wished there were fewer Olmstead children to take care of and rock to sleep or sew for. But this wish didn't come very often, because, in spite of its somewhat crowded condition, the little white parsonage bubbled over with fun and frolic most of the time, and Mary found all the trouble which the small fry made more than repaid by their sweetness and jollity.

On this particular Saturday, however, she was very unhappy. The reason was easy enough to discover, for that very morning Katherine Mariton, her very best chum, had come over to ask her to go automobiling way into New York, which was 20 miles away. They were to have luncheon at one of the big hotels, and altogether it sounded like the most beautiful sort of a time—the sort that Mary felt sure could come only once in a person's life.

She looked at her mother hopefully, but her mother shook her head. "I'm awfully sorry, daughter dear," she said sympathetically, "but I really can't let you at this time. Some one must look after the children while Johanna and I are busy."

Mary went back with a sinking heart to pushing Baby Rob up and down in his go cart. Baby Alice toddled after her, but she was almost too much wrapped up in her own troubles to take any notice of the pretty child.

Presently they came to the end of the path where there was a seat across the corner of the garden, and Mary sat down to rest for a while. It was very warm in the spring sunshine, and both Alice and the baby were particularly quiet. Mary felt crosser than ever when she realized what a lovely day it was for automobiling. She felt so keenly about it that she said aloud, "I wish we hadn't any children; anyway, I wish the Maritons had them all."

Suddenly it became very quiet everywhere. Bob and Tommy, the twins, had been making a racket just the moment before out in the chicken yard, where they were building a new coop. Mary had heard them talking and laughing ever since breakfast, and occasionally there were sounds of sawing or pounding to show that they were really at work. Maud, who was the next oldest to Mary, was singing in very loud, shrill tones while she watered the flowers in the sitting room window, and as the window was open the song could be heard very distinctly. David, the little invalid brother, had his rocking horse out on the veranda and was having a glorious rock, which echoed all through the garden.



Every one of these noises had suddenly ceased. Mary listened hard, but there wasn't a sound anywhere. She looked around hurriedly to see why Baby Rob and Alice were so silent, and to her surprise and terror the children were nowhere in sight.

How they could have got away in such a hurry she could not imagine, but she ran hastily up the walk to the house and looked in at the door of the sitting room. Her mother was dusting the books, and through the door to the kitchen she caught a glimpse of Johanna finishing up the morning's baking. None of the children was to be seen, and so, without saying anything to anybody, Mary ran through the house, calling softly for Alice and the baby.

Nobody answered her and she ran out to the chicken yard with a beating heart, hoping that perhaps the boys had come and taken the little ones away to play a joke on her. Yet there was no one at all in the chicken yard but the old hens and the proud young rooster who was David's special pride.

Suddenly a wild thought came into her head. She had wished the children belonged to the Maritons, and suppose one of those mean old fairies who are always around to grant your wishes when you don't really want them to had heard what she said and had taken her at her word.

But, then, she was such a big girl to believe in fairies, and she knew that the books were not really true. Nevertheless, it was all very strange, and all

of a sudden she cuddled up on the chopping block and put her head down and shivered, although it was such a sunny day, because it was so awful to think that perhaps, after all, the children were going to belong to some one else.

"Anyhow," she said aloud, "those Maritons shan't have them. I'll go right over there and I'll bring them straight home. I don't care what the old fairy says. I terribly dislike fairies; they are such meddlesome old creatures."

The Maritons lived across the street and a little way down toward the corner, and Mary ran madly across the road and in at the big iron gateway which shut the stately lawns and big mansion from the sidewalk.

There was no one out in front of the house, and instead of going around the side to the door, which was nearest to Katherine's schoolroom, which was her usual way of entering the Mariton residence, she ran up the long flight of stone steps and pounded on the door as hard as she could pound. She was perfectly sure by this time that the children had been spirited away by the fairy who had heard her wish, and she wasted no ceremony upon John, the Mariton's butler, when he smilingly opened the door to her.

"Where are the children?" she demanded. "Where are our children, I mean?"

"They are just out at the garage, Miss," said John, quite as if it were a matter of course that the parsonage children should have been spirited away

from home by a fairy and deposited inside the Mariton's gate.

"So that hateful fairy did do it?" fumed Mary.

John looked at her as if he were greatly surprised, but she did not wait for him to answer—she dashed down the steps and over to the garage in such haste that he was quite breathless merely from watching her.

There, all packed in the Maritons' largest automobile, were all the parsonage children, sure enough, and as Mary came up they all hailed her gleefully.

"We knew you'd come, Mary!" cried the twins. "We knew you'd find us out."

"My, but that fairy was quick!" gasped Mary.

"Fairy!" scoffed Tom. "It was Katherine." She came over and found you asleep in the garden and she got us all to hurry as fast as we could, and we carried Davy and told mother not to say anything."

"We goin' automobillin'," announced Baby Alice.

"Yes," said Katherine, with shining eyes. "Papa is going to have the man take us out for an hour before we go to New York, and we're going to take all the children, so your mother says you can go."

Mary squeezed her chum joyfully, and then she gave a very strong squeeze to Baby Rob and Alice.

"Merdy!" she said. "I thought our children were gone forever!"

WORDS OF THANKS

Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: Many thanks for the pretty book you sent me. I am very fond of reading and this is very interesting. I will do all I can in drawing for the Junior Call, and I am always wishing for Saturday to come. With great success to the Junior Call and love to Alonzo, I am, your friend, CHRISTINE HANSEN, Oakland.

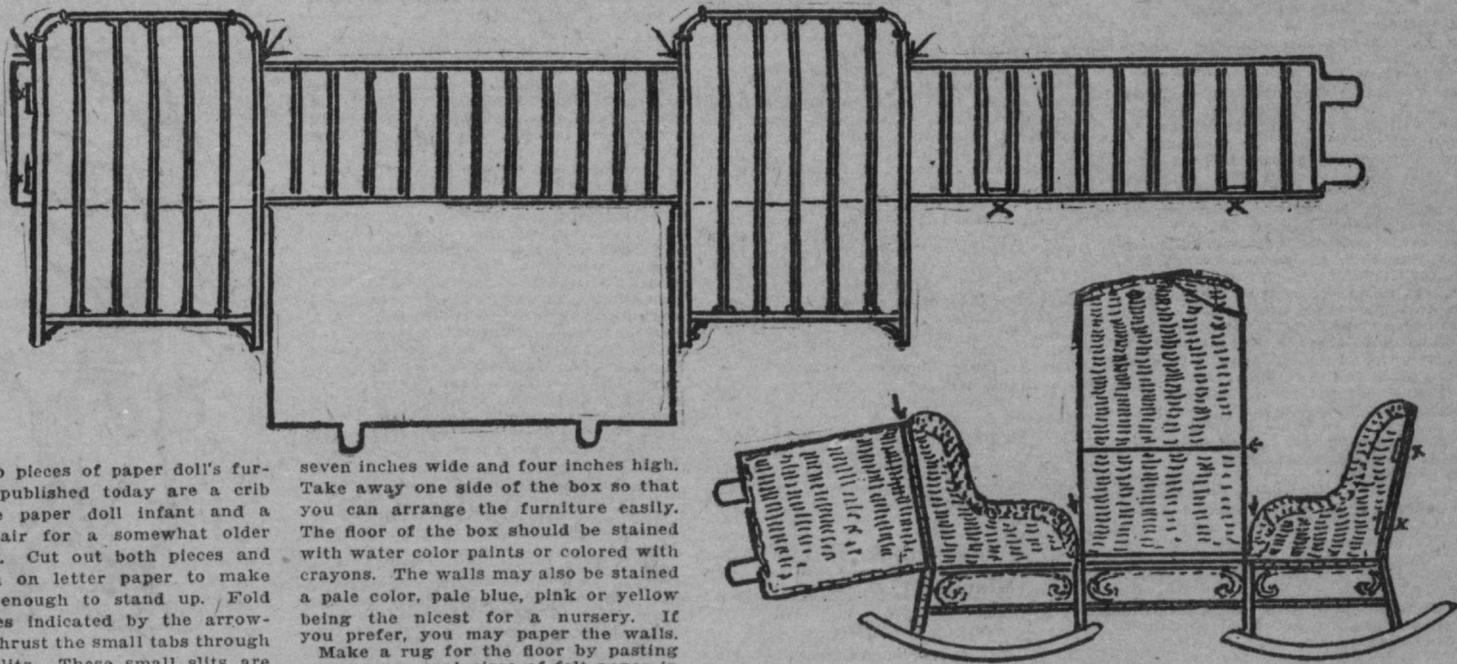
Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—I received the box of paints yesterday and thank you very much for them. I think they are the nicest box of paints I ever had, especially the brushes. Your little friend, MARGARET WILLIAMS.

Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—I am writing to you to let you know that I thank you for the box of paints. Your loving friend, DOLLY BONETTI.

Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—I wrote a story for The Junior Call and won a watch. It is a fine one. I thank you very much. Yours truly, JAMES BECK, Vallejo.

Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—I have received my watch and like it very much. It is the first watch I have ever had and I am delighted with it. I thank you very much for it. All of my friends admire my watch. Yours truly, EVELYN MURRAY, Stockton.

SOME NURSERY FURNITURE FOR THE PAPER DOLL HOUSE



THE two pieces of paper doll's furniture published today are a crib for the paper doll infant and a rocking chair for a somewhat older paper child. Cut out both pieces and paste them on letter paper to make them stiff enough to stand up. Fold on the lines indicated by the arrowheads and thrust the small tabs through the little slits. These small slits are more easily cut with the point of a knife than with scissors.

If you have not made the paper doll's flat, which was described when the furniture series was begun, you may now make a paper doll's nursery from a box, which should be about eight inches long,

seven inches wide and four inches high. Take away one side of the box so that you can arrange the furniture easily. The floor of the box should be stained with water color paints or colored with crayons. The walls may also be stained a pale color, pale blue, pink or yellow being the nicest for a nursery. If you prefer, you may paper the walls.

Make a rug for the floor by pasting a square or oval piece of felt paper in the center of the room. A blue and white nursery is very pretty and you may have dark blue paper for a rug. Cut a window out of one side of the box and curtain it with white tissue paper.

The crib will need a mattress, which

you can make of white tissue paper. It will take many thicknesses for a good soft mattress which will be comfortable for the paper doll infant. Tissue paper sheets are very nice, and then you should have a little coverlet of white

lace paper over pale blue or pale pink. Make a little flat pillow of tissue paper. You can cut tiny pictures of animals from magazines and papers and frame them in white letter paper and paste them on the nursery walls.